

J O S E P H

H

A N D H I S

*the Patriarch*

B R E T H R E N.

A

S A C R E D D R A M A.

As it is performed, at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

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Set to Musick by Mr. H A N D E L.

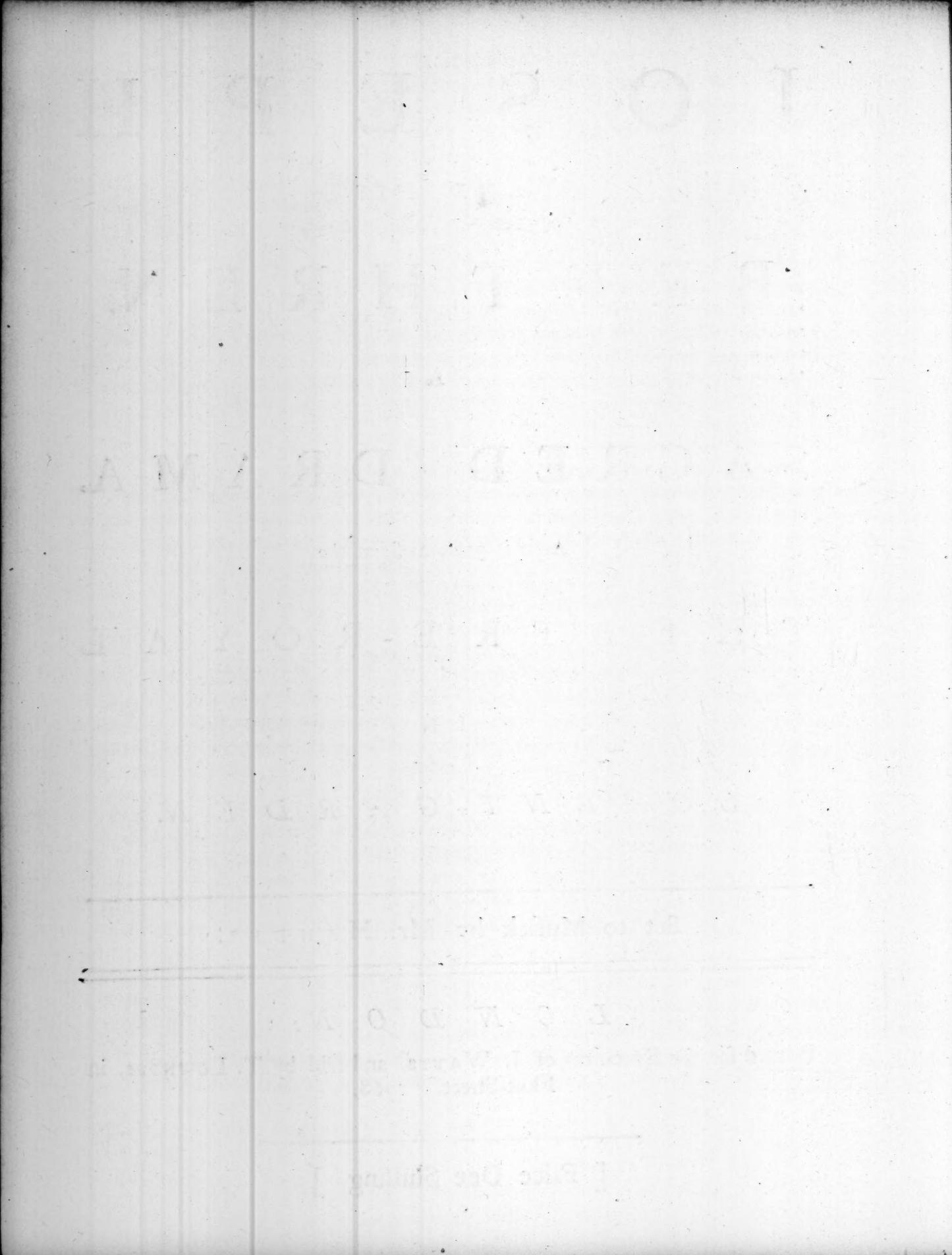
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L O N D O N:

Printed for the Executors of J. WATTS, and sold by T. LOWNDES, in  
Fleet-Street. 1768.

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[ Price One Shilling. ]



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

 *JACOB* had Twelve Children, whereof *Joseph* and *Benjamin* were the two youngest, and were born to him of *Rachel*. The superior Affection which *Jacob* shewed towards *Joseph*, and the Account which the latter gave his Brethren of some of his Dreams denoting his own future Grandeur, and their Subjection to him, raised their Jealousy and Hatred against him. Hereupon they take an Opportunity, when they were one Day in the Field together, to throw him first into a Pit, and afterwards to draw him out again, and sell him to a Company of mercantile *Ishmaelites* who were going down to *Egypt*, persuading their Father *Jacob*, by the Stratagem of dipping a Coat which they had strip'd him of in Blood, that he was devoured by a wild Beast.

The *Ishmaelites* being arrived with *Joseph* in *Egypt*, sold him to *Potiphar*, a principal Officer in *Pharaoh's* Court, with whom he lived in high Favour a considerable Time, 'till at length, upon the false Accusation of *Potiphar's* Wife, he was disgraced, and cast into Prison. During his Confinement, the chief Butler and chief Baker of *Pharaoh's* Court, were thrown into the same Place by the King's Order, both of whom having a Dream in the same Night, receiv'd an Interpretation of them from *Joseph*, which proved true, the chief Baker being within three Days hanged on a Tree, and the chief Butler restored to his Employment as was foretold; but being taken into Favour again thought no more of his Interpreter, as he had promised to do.

Here then our Drama finds *Joseph*, two Years after this Incident had happened. At this Time *Pharaoh* himself having had two Dreams in the same Night, the *First*, of Seven fat Kine coming out of the River, which were devoured by Seven other lean Kine which came up after them; and the *Second*, of Seven full Ears of Corn devoured by Seven thin ones, the Wizemen of *Egypt* could not interpret them. The chief Butler calling *Joseph* to Remembrance upon this Occasion, spoke of him to the King, who immediately ordered that he should be brought before him; of whom having received a satisfactory Explication of his Dreams, as that they were both of the same Purport, and pointed out Seven Years of Plenty, and Seven of Famine to succeed them, *Pharaoh* appointed him Ruler over the Land of *Egypt*, to lay up in the Years of Plenty a Store for a Supply in those of Dearth; at the same time giving him to Wife *Asenath* the Daughter of *Potiphera*, High-Priest of *On*, by whom, during the Years of Plenty, he had two Sons.

The Famine having at length spread itself into all Countries, *Jacob* hearing there was Corn in *Egypt*, sent his ten elder Sons thither to purchase some, keeping *Benjamin* the youngest with him, for fear some Accident should befall him. *Joseph* immediately knew his Brethren, and seeing them at his Feet, he remembered his former Dreams, but did not make himself known to them, speaking roughly, treating them as Spies, and ordering them to return and bring down their younger Brother whom they spoke of, as a Proof of their Veracity. Having detained one of them in Prison, by way of a Hostage, he commanded his Officers privately, to restore every one of the others his Money into his Sack, and to send them away with their Corn, for the Land

of Canaan. Having, after a long Time, prevailed on *Jacob* to let *Benjamin* go with them, they returned to *Egypt*, and presented him before *Joseph*, who tenderly embraced him, and was so sensibly affected by the Interview, that, not being able to refrain from Tears, he was obliged to leave the Room. After this he made a grand Entertainment for them, giving at the same Time a secret Order to his Officers to put his Silver Cup into *Benjamin's* Sack.

They had no sooner left the Town the next Morning, but they were sent after, brought before *Joseph* again, and charged with stealing this Cup, when, their Sacks being examined, and the Cup found in that belonging to *Benjamin*, he was doomed to continue a Slave to *Joseph*.

The rest of the Brethren refusing to return to their Father without *Benjamin* with them, and one of them passionately requesting to become a Bondman in his stead, *Joseph* could refrain no longer, but with Tears gushing from his Eyes, discovered himself to them. This News coming soon to *Pharaoh*, he ordered *Joseph* to send immediately, and bring down his Father and whole Family into *Egypt*, appointing one of the most fruitful Parts of the Country for their Habitation.

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## D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

### M E N.

PHARAOH, *King of Egypt.*

JOSEPH, *An Hebrew.*

REUBEN,

SIMEON,

JUDAH,

BENJAMIN,

POTIPHERA, *High-Priest of On.*

PHANOR, *Chief Butler to Pharaoh, afterwards Joseph's Steward.*

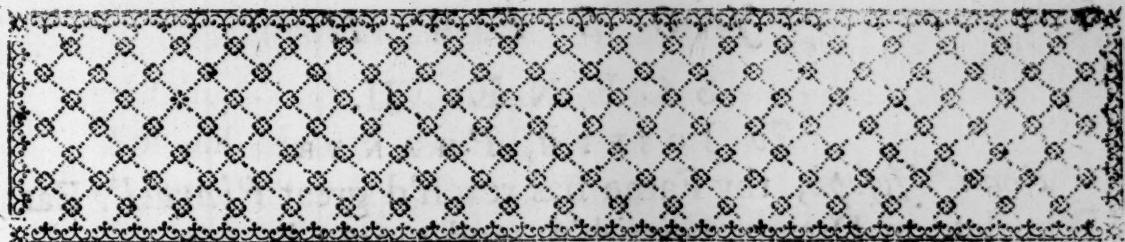
### W O M E N.

ASENATH, *Daughter to the High-Priest.*

Chorus of Egyptians, Hebrews, &c.

### S C E N E, M E M P H I S.

*JOSÉPH*



# J O S E P H AND HIS B R E T H R E N.

---

P A R T I.     S C E N E I.

S C E N E, a P R I S O N.

JOSEPH reclining in a melancholy Posture.

A I R.



*E firm, my Soul, nor faint beneath  
Affliction's galling Chains;  
When crown'd with conscious Virtue's Wreath,  
The shackled Captive reigns.*     [Starting up.]

R E C I T A T I V E accompanied.

*Jos.* But wherefore thus? Whence, Heav'n, these bitter Bonds?  
Are these the just Rewards of stubborn Virtue;  
—Down, down, proud Hear,  
Nor blindly question the Behest of Heaven!  
These Chastisements are just---for some wise End  
Are all the partial Ills allotted Man.

A I R repeated.

*Be firm, my Soul, nor faint beneath  
Affliction's galling Chains:  
When crown'd with conscious Virtue's Wreath,  
The shackled Captive reigns.*

S C E N E

## J O S E P H

## S C E N E II.

To J O S E P H, P H A N O R.

*Phan.* Joseph, thy Fame has reach'd great Pharaoh's Ear ;  
 Who late in Dreams perturb'd, and taught by me  
 The wond'rous Power of thy experienc'd Art,  
 Demands thy instant Presence to unfold  
 Their mystick Purport.

*Jos.* Blest Vicissitude !

*Jehovah*, whom I serve, bear witness to me ;  
 And from the Horrors of the Pit, once more,  
 Will deign Deliverance to his Servant's Soul.

## A I R.

Come, divine Inspirer, come,  
 Make my humble Breast thy Home,  
 Draw the Curtain from mine Eye,  
 And present place Futurity.

Thus, whilst I, o'er Pharaoh's Dream,  
 Bright Interpretation beam,  
 Pharaoh's Self shall Temples raise,  
 And Egypt Incense to thy Praise

[Da Capo.]

*Phan.* Pardon that I so long forgot thee, Joseph ;  
 My Heart upbraids me with Ingratitude.

*Jos.* Pardon thyself---Ingratitude's a Vice  
 That bears its Scorpions with it---The dire Mildew  
 Which makes a Desert of the human Mind,  
 And merits more of pity than resentment---  
 But instant I'll with duteous Step attend  
 My Lord the King, and bow myself before him. [Exit Jos.]

## S C E N E III.

P H A N O R.

Fell Monster ! base Ingratitude ! avaunt :  
 No longer in this Breast I'll give thee Harbour.

A I R.

*and his BRETHREN.*

7

*Ingratitude's the Queen of Crimes,  
For all the rest are of her Train,  
Her sure Attendants at all Times,  
The great Supporters of her Reign :  
If one you then ungrateful call,  
You crown him Monarch of them all.*

**S C E N E IV.** *A Room of State in Pharaoh's Palace*

**P H A R A O H,** High-Priest of *On*; **A S E N A T H,** *Chorus of Egyptians, &c.*

*Phar.* Thus, Stranger! I have laid my troubled Thoughts,  
The midnight Visions of my bed before thee,  
Which all the Skill of *Egypt* can't unfold---  
Come then, interpret to the King his Dreams.

*Jos.* O mighty *Pharaob*, it is not in me ;  
Interpretation does belong to Heav'n ;  
And may the Lord *Jehovah* give the King  
A gracious Answ're !

*Chorus of Egyptians.*

*O God of Joseph, gracious, shed  
Thy Spirit on thy Servant's Head :  
That to the King he may reveal  
The Truths his mystick Dreams conceal.*

**R E C I T A T I V E** *accompany'd.*

*Jos.* *Pharaob*, thy Dreams are one---the Lord *Jehovah*  
In Visions shews what he's about to do. •

The

## J O S E P H

The Seven fat Cattle, and full Ears of Corn,  
 Denote Seven Years of Plenty---The like Seven  
 Of meager Kine, and unreplenish'd Grain,  
 Mark the same Years of Famine to succeed.  
 Embrace this Warning, and with studious Search  
 Look out a Man of Providence and Wisdom,  
 To garner up in the redundant Years,  
 A Store for Comfort in the Days of Dearth.

*Phar.* Divine Interpreter! What Oracle  
 Could thus have solv'd my Doubts? --- Where can we find  
 A Man like thee, in whom God's Spirit dwells?  
 Be this Day Ruler o'er my House and People,  
 And by thy Word let all the Land be govern'd;  
 But only in the Throne will I be greater.

*Jos.* These are thy Workings, Infinite Jehovah!

## A I R.

*Afen.* [Aside.] O lovely Youth, with Wisdom crown'd,  
     Where ev'ry Charm has place!  
     What Breast so firm was ever found,  
         As could resist such Grace?  
     If thou hast stol'n my Virgin Heart,  
         To me in change thy own impart.

[Pharaoh putting his Ring on Joseph's Finger.]

*Phar.* Wear, worthy Man! this royal Signet wear,  
 Pledge of thy boundless Dignity and Power:  
 Whilst in our second Chariot thou shalt ride,  
 And Heralds cry before thee, Bow the Knee:  
 Then henceforth, as the Saviour of the World,  
 Let \* Zaphnath Paaneah be thy Name.

## C H O R U S.

\* Zaphnath Paaneah signifies Saviour of the World.

C H O R U S.

*Joyful Sounds ! melodious Strain !  
Health to Egypt is the Theme !  
Zaphnath rules and Pharaoh reigns—  
Happy Nation ! Bliss supreme !*

[Exeunt

S C E N E V.

A S E N A T H alone.

Whence this unwonted Ardour in my Breast ?  
These new-born Sighs—'Tis true that he is Wife---  
Majestick---graceful---Ah ! I fear this Stranger  
Has trespass'd on my unsuspecting Bosom.

A I R.

*I feel a spreading Flame within my Veins,  
Which all my Arts will not avail to quench ;  
With fruitless Toil from Place to Place I range,  
No Toil, no Place gives Respite to my Pains..*

S C E N E VI.

To A S E N A T H, J O S E P H.

*Jos.* Fair *Asenath*,  
I've ask'd thee of thy Father and the King,  
To help allay the anxious Toils of Grandeur,  
And smooth the rugged Brow of Public Care.  
Yet, authoris'd by both, I dread my Fate,  
'Till thy own Voice has fix'd my Destiny.

S C E N E VII.

To them PHARAOH and POTIPHERA.

*Phar.* Zaphnath, I grant thy Suit---Behold thy Bride !  
*Potiph.* Approach, my *Asenath*---Behold thy Husband !

## RECIT and DUET.

- Jos.     *O ! canst thou, fair Perfection, say ?  
O ! canst thou bless me with thy Love ?*
- Afen.    *My Father's Will I must obey ;  
My Monarch's Pleasure must approve.*
- Jos.     *Celestial Virgin !*
- Afen.    *Godlike Youth !*
- Both.    *Renown'd for Innocence and Truth ;  
Propitious Heav'n has thus in Thee  
Compleated my Felicity.*

*Jos.* Now, *Potiphera*, instant to the Temple  
In joyous Pomp, and whilst the Rite's perform'd,  
Let our loud Clarions tell it to the Skies.     [*Exeunt.*]

*A Grand March, during the Procession.*

## SCENE VIII.    A T E M P L E.

*The High-Priest joining the Hands of Joseph and Asenath  
at the Altar, Pharaoh, Attendants, and Chorus of  
Egyptians.*

*High-Priest.* 'Tis done—the sacred Knot is ty'd,  
Which Death alone can e'er divide.

## CHORUS.

*Immortal Pleasures crown the Pair,  
Who thus by Heav'n high-favour'd are,  
Joys ever round them wait ;  
May these below, like those above,  
Contend who most and longest love,  
And be as Blest as Great.*

*Pbar.*

*and his BRETHREN.*

II

*Phar.* Glorious and happy is thy Lot, O Zaphnath,  
Join'd to such Sweetness, Dignity, and Virtue

A I R.

*Since the Race of Time begun,  
Since the Birth-Day of the Sun,  
Ne'er was so much Wisdom found,  
With such matchless Lustre crown'd.*

C H O R U S.

*Swift our Numbers, swiftly roll,  
Waft the News from Pole to Pole ;  
Asenath with Zaphnath's join'd,  
Joy and Peace to all Mankind !*



P A R T    II.    S C E N E    I.

*A S E N A T H, P H A N O R, and Chorus of Egyptians.*

C H O R U S.



*AIL, thou Youth, by Heav'n belov'd !  
Now thy wond'rous Wisdom's prov'd !  
Zaphnath Egypt's Fate foresaw,  
And snatch'd her from the Famine's Jaw.*

*Phan.* How vast a Theme has *Egypt* for Applause !  
*O Asenath,* behold thy mighty Lord !  
High on his gilded Car triumphant ride,  
Whilst prostrate Multitudes that do him Honours,  
Obstruct his Passage through the Streets of *Memphis*.  
The raptur'd Virgins hail him in their Lays,  
And gazing Matrons lift their grateful Hands,  
Whilst hoary Sages rise, and bow the Head,  
And Infants half articulate his Name.

*Asen.* These Honours flow not from the Flatterer's Lips,

## J O S E P H

Like those that lavish Stream in Fortune's Lap ;  
 But from sincere Benevolence and Love,  
 And Bosoms glowing with a grateful Transport.

## A I R.

Phan. *Our Fruits, while yet in Blossom, die,*  
*Our Harvests in the new-sown Seed ;*  
*Barren the mournful Ridges lie,*  
*Undeck'd the once enamell'd Mead.*  
  
*But Zaphnath's providential Care*  
*Retaliates for the niggard Soil ;*  
*Through him in Dearth we Plenty share,*  
*Nor heed th'inexorable Nile.*

He's *Egypt's* common Parent, gives her Bread ;  
 He's *Egypt's* only Safety, only Hope ;  
 Whilst *Egypt's* Welfare is his only Care.

## C H O R U S. •

*Blest be the Man by Pow'r unstain'd,*  
*Virtue there itself rewarding !*  
*Blest be the Man to Wealth unchain'd,*  
*Treasure for the Public hoarding !*

A sen. *Phanor*, we mention not his highest Glory,  
 Mark 'midst his Grandeur what Humility,  
 The Gift of that great God whom he adores.  
 Yet something seems of late to bear upon him,  
 And cloud his wonted Smile ; not all his Splendor,  
 Th'Applause of Millions, or my studious Love,  
 Can yield him Comfort, or asswage his Grief.

Phan. Perchance he wants to view his native La  
 Whose God and Laws are the Reverse of *Egypt's*.

A sen. *Phanor*, 'tis true, he calls it oft to mind,  
 And oft' in Silence sighs, and mourns his Absence ;  
 Nor finds he Peace, save when his smiling Infants,  
 The Pledges of our Love, are in his Arms :

There

There will he grasp them---there, with ardent Look,  
He eyes them---while, from 'midst his struggling Sighs,  
Words burst like these—

## A I R.

*Together, lovely Innocents, grow up.*

*Link'd in eternal Chains of Brother-Love ;  
For you, mayn't Envy bear her pois'nous Cup,  
Nor Hate her unrelenting Armour prove.*

He then is silent, then again exclaims—  
Inhuman Brethren ! O unhappy Father !  
What Anguish too much Love for me has cost thee !  
Such are his Cares, nor have I yet discover'd  
The fatal Cause—But once more I'll attempt it.

[*Exeunt severally.*

## S C E N E II.

SIMEON *in Prison.*

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

Where are these Brethren—Why this base Delay !  
To let me languish a whole Year in Dungeons !  
But are not Brethren base ? O Joseph, Joseph !  
That Thought is Hell—Remembrance scorches with it !  
But was it I alone ?—O no !—Then Heav'n  
Has been at 'compt, perchance, with my Confederates,  
Whilst the wild Beast, false tax'd with Joseph's Death,  
Has met 'em on the Way, and ta'en his Vengeance.

## A I R.

*Remorse, Confusion, Horror, Fear,*

*Ye Vultures of the guilty Breast !*

*Now Furies ! now she feels you here,*

*Who gnaw her most, when most distract.*

[Exit.

S C E N E

## J O S E P H

## S C E N E III.

J O S E P H and P H A N O R.

*Phan.* This Hebrew Prisoner---*Jos.* Hither bring him, *Phanor.*

[Exit Phanor.]

The wide Circumference of *Egypt's* Regions,  
 The vast Extent between the *Nile* and Ocean  
 Given me to rule, is Slav'ry not an Honour ;  
 Not Rest, but Travel---

## A I R.

*The Peasant tastes the Sweets of Life,*  
*Unwounded by its Cares ;*  
*No courtly Craft, no publick Strife*  
*His humble Soul insnares.*

*But Grandeur's bulky noisy Joys*  
*No true Contentment give ;*  
*Whilst Fancy craves Possession cloys.*  
*We die thus whilst we live.*

But *Simeon* comes, treach'rous blood-thirsty Brother !  
 Fain wouldst thou had my Life ! Cruel ! but hold---  
 I'll touch thee not---  
 But I will speak such Daggars to thy Soul ! ---

## S C E N E IV.

To J O S E P H, S I M E O N.

*Sim.* I tremble at his Presence.*Jos.* Thou Impostor !

Com'st thou before me, but to dare my Fury ?  
 Where are thy Brethren---Brother Traitors ? Ha !

Thou

Thou shalt pay the Forfeit of their Guilt.

*Sim.* My gracious Lord,

Our Testimony's true---By Famine driv'n,  
We hither fled for Succour---We're Twelve Brethren,  
Sons of one Father, in the Land of *Canaan*.  
Ten thou hast seen, and one is not; the youngest  
Was to the Care of his old Father left.

*Jos.* The Sight of him might dissipate my Doubts—  
But where's your Promise?—Why is he not come?

*Sim.* Paternal Love, my Lord, alone detains him.  
What Anguish must it give the good old Sire,  
To have this only Hope torn from his Bosom,  
The Prop and Comfort of his falling Years?  
How would it shake his poor old tott'ring Frame?  
How wring his bleeding Heart!

*Jos.* Peace, Nature, Peace!

[*Aside.*]

*Sim.* Grief for the Loss of his beloved *Joseph*,  
Already reigns too cruel in his Heart;  
No Sun or sets, or rises on the Earth,  
That doth not find, and leave him too in Tears.

*Jos.* [*Aside*] Great God, sustain my Fortitude!—

[*To Sim.*] This *Joseph*,  
How died he?

*Sim.* A wild Beast, my Lord, devour'd him.

*Jos.* Devour'd by a wild Beast! Have, have a care!  
Didst thou then see his bleeding Arteries?  
His mangled Limbs? Now, by the Life of *Pharaoh*,  
I spy some Treachery---There are Men on Earth  
More cruel, *Simeon*, than the wildest Beast.

*Sim.* Dreadful Discourse!

[*Aside.*]

*Jos.* He trembles!

[*Aside.*]

*Sim.* Thy Suspicion--

*Jos.* --Is just--know you not yet I can divine,  
And view the dark Recesses of the Soul?  
In vain from me you'd hide the Truth, Impostor! [Exit *Jos.*

A I R

## A I R.

Sim. *Impostor ! Ab ! my foul Offence,  
Wrote in my Face,  
O dire Disgrace !  
Admits, admits of no Defence.*  
*Tho' treacherous Hearts from mortal Sight  
May veil a while  
Their impious Guile,  
Heav'n sees and brings dark Deeds to Light.* [Exit.]

## S C E N E V.

JOSEPH, ASENAUTH.

*Jos.* Whence, *A senath*, this Grief that hangs upon thee,  
And like a Morning Mist which hovers o'er  
The Violet's Bed, bedews thy lovely Cheeks ?

*Asen.* Life of my Life, and Source of all my Bliss,  
It is but to resemble thee the more,  
When *Zaphnath* sighs, can *A senath* be gay ?  
Can *A senath* enjoy, when *Zaphnath* suffers ?

## A I R.

*The silver Stream, that all its way  
Transparent to the Ocean flows,  
Mix'd with the turbid Surges grows  
As ruffled and impure as they.*

*Thus glided I through Life's serene,  
But now dire Griefs my Breast inflame,  
My mingling Bosom shares the same,  
And I, like thee, am wretched seen.*

Da Capo.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Tell me, O tell me thy Heart's Malady,  
That I may steal it from thee if I can.

*Jos.* A flight Disorder---publick Cares---

*Enter Phanor.*

*Phan.* My Lord,  
The long-expected Strangers are arriv'd,  
And with them comes a Youth of matchleſs Beauty.

*Jos.* [Aside.] My Benjamin! Thanks Heav'n! [To Phan.  
Straight make them enter.

My Love, retire a while---Soon thou shalt know  
The Busineſs of my Heart---Permit me only  
Some Moments more.

*Aſen.* Your Will, my Lord, is mine.

[Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

PHANOR and JOSEPH's Brethren.

*Phan.* Fear not---Peace be unto you---'twas your God,  
That gave you Treasure in your Sacks, for me  
I had your Money, and declare you Guiltleſs,  
Nor think that Zaphnath bears so base a Soul  
As to condemn you wrongfully---nor one  
So cruel to refuse you farther Succour.

*Judah.* Thy gracious Words revive my drooping Spirits;  
And kindly Hope of being guiltless thought  
Glows in my Heart, and kindles Life anew.

A I R.

*To keep afar from all offence,*  
*And conscious of its Innocence,* }  
*Is not enough for the Defence* }  
*Of an unspotted Heart.*

C

A

*A light Suspicion oftentimes  
Of uncommitted unthought Crimes  
Its Purity with Slander limes,  
And gives it the Delinquent's Part.*

Chorus of the Brethren.

*Thus one with ev'ry Virtue crown'd,  
For ev'ry Vice may be renown'd.*

### S C E N E VII.

*To them J o s e p h, and Attendants.*

*Reuben.* Once more, O pious Zaphnath ! at thy Feet  
We pay due Homage, and implore thy Succour.

*Jadah.* Our Reverend Sire intreats thee to accept  
A humble Off'ring of our Country's Fruits ;  
Not such as with thy Grandeur suits, but what  
Our present wretched State hath left—O Zaphnath !  
Our Fields lie desolate, and cover'd o'er  
With nought but Horror, Barrenness, and Drought,  
Menacing the distres'd Inhabitant  
With Death inevitable, whose pale Herald  
Sits on his pining Cheeks—O Pity, Pity !  
Our good old Father sues for Pity from thee ;  
For Pity we implore thee ; and for Pity  
Our youngest Brother lowly bows, to kiss  
Thy bounteous Hand.

*Benj.* This Kiss, my Gracious Lord,  
Comes wash'd with Tears—O save my Country ! save  
My dear, dear Father—and may Abraham's God  
For ever save my Lord.

*Jos. [Aside.]* How his Discourse

Melts

Melts down my Soul---Rise---Is your Father well?

[*Afside.*] I had almost said Mine---The good old Man  
Of whom ye spake---say, is he living still?

*Judah.* My Lord, thy Servant lives, and lives in Health.

*Jos.* And this his youngest son?

*Benj.* It is, my Lord,

My Name is *Benjamin*.

*Jos.* Let me embrace thee——

And may that God, my Son, whom thou invok'ſt,  
Watch o'er, and ever ſhed his Blessings on thee!

### A I R.

*Benj.* *Thou deign'ſt to call thy Servant, Son,*  
*And O, methinks, my Lord, I see,*  
*With an amazing Semblance ſhown,*  
*My Father's Image ſtamp'd on thee :*

*Thee therefore would I Father call ;*  
*But the ſimilitude of Face*  
*Is not enough---the Soul is all---*  
*O may his Soul thy Bosom grace.*

*Jos.* [*Afside.*] Sweet Innocence! Divine Simplicity!  
Tears, by your Leave--- [*To Servants.*] Attend, prepare our  
Table——

—Instant---These Men shall eat with me to-day.

*Benj.* Let not thy Mercy linger---Grief and Famine  
Opprefs our aged Father---Aught Delay  
May fatal prove——We left him desolate.

*Jos.* [*Weeping.*] Nature will through the Veil——Anguish  
and Joy

Jointly demand my Tears. [*Exeunt Jos. Phan. and Attendants.*]

*Reuben.* Didſt thou obſerve him, *Judah?*—Mark his Looks!

*Judah.* I did——canſt thou interpaet them?

*Reuben.* I cannot.

Profound and inaccessible, O *Judah*,  
 Are all the inward Movements of the Great,  
 And never by the Countenance are known.

*Judah*. May great *Jehovah* turn his Heart to Pity !

## C H O R U S.

*O God, who in thy heav'nly Hand*  
*Dost hold the Hearts of mighty Kings,*  
*O take thy Jacob, and his Land,*  
*Beneath the shadow of Wings.*  
*Thou know'st our Wants before our Pray'r,*  
*Then let us not confounded be ;*  
*Thy tender Mercies let us share,*  
*O Lord, we trust alone in thee !*



## P A R T     III.     S C E N E     II.

## A S E N A T H, P H A N O R.

*Asen.* **W**HAT say'st thou, *Phanor* ! Prove these Strangers then  
 Such base Ingrates ? Bore off the silver Cup,  
 That's sacred to my Lord's peculiar Use !

*Phan.* They have---but shall not long enjoy their rapine.

## A I R.

*Phan.* *The wanton Favours of the Great,*  
*Are like the scatter'd Seed when sown ;*  
*A grateful Harvest they create,*  
*Whene'er on gen'rous Acres thrown.*

*But, if, as O ! too oft', they fall,*  
*Where Weeds and Briars the Soil prophane :*  
*Or lost, they bear no Fruit at all,*  
*Or, bearing, yield a worthless Grain.*

## S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

*To them JOSEPH.*

*Af sen.* Whence so disturb'd, my Lord---Let not the Crime  
Of others be inflicted on thyself.

*Jos.* My sorrows have a deeper deadlier Root.  
O *Af senath*, my dear old Father lives,  
Still lives, but inconsolable and wretched.

*Af sen.* Whence springs his Misery?

*Jos.* From this cruel Famine.

*Af sen.* Call them into *Egypt*!—Whence, my Lord  
This criminal Delay?

*Jos.* I fear the King—  
Fear *Egypt* too.

*Af sen.* Such Fears are but ungen'rous;  
You've all the Hearts of *Pharaoh* and his People.

## A I R.

*Jos.* *The People's Favour, and the Smiles of Pow'r,*  
*Are no more than the Sun-shine of an Hour;*  
*There Envy, with her Snakes, affails,*  
*Here cank'ring Slander still prevails,*  
*'Till Love begins to wain;*  
*Oblivion then envelopes all,*  
*Our Merits past, and straight our Fall*  
*Is stil'd the publick Gain.*

Da Capo.

*Af sen.* Art thou not *Zaphnath*? Is not *Egypt* fav'd  
All thy own Work? And won't her Sons with Transport  
Give a new Life to him who gave thee Life?  
I'll instant to the King, and supplicate  
With Laud for Bounties past, this farther Boon.

## A I R.

## J O S E P H

## A I R.

*Prophetick Raptures swell my Breast,  
And whisper we shall still be bleſt ;  
That this black Gloom ſhall break away,  
And leave more heavenly bright the Day.*

Da Capo. [Exit Aten.]

*Jof.* They come—and Indignation in their Looks—  
My Bosom beats with an unusual Pulse.

## S C E N E III.

*To J O S E P H, P H A N O R with the Brethren in Chains.*

*Sim.* Whence this vile Treatment ! these injurious Chains ?  
For what Transgression are we shackled thus,  
Like Thieves and Traitors ?

*Phan.* That's like what ye are.  
You've ſtol'n the ſacred Cup that's ſet apart  
For my Lord's Use—  
Why have ye thus rewarded Ill for Good ?

[Exit.]

*Sim.* Impoſture !—Fury !—If the Sacred Veffel  
Be found with us, rain Vengeance on our Heads.

*Jof.* Straight we ſhall fee—and then let the Delinquent  
Alone receive the Wages of his Guilt.

## S C E N E IV.

*To them P H A N O R.*

*Phan.* At length the Cup is found.

*Jof.* Where ?

*Phan.* Hid, my Lord, amidſt thy gen'rous Presents.  
*Benjamin* had it.

*Jof.* Benjamin !

*Benj.* I had it !

*Phan.*

*Phan.* Behold his Sack, and in it view the Theft.

*Benj.* Am I a Robber ? shield me, righteous Heav'n !

*Jos.* Seize him.

*Benj.* O Heav'n ! thou know'st my Innocence !

*Jos.* No more—

Leave him alone to suffer—As for you,

Go, get you up in Peace unto your Father.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

*Benj.* What ! without me ? Ah ! how return in Peace !  
What can you say ? What Comfort can you yield  
To the distracted Parent ? O unhappy !  
Unhappy *Benjamin* ! Thou at thy Birth  
Gav'st Death unto thy Mother---and now dying,  
Thou likewise tak'st thy tender Father's Life.

A R I O S O.

*Benj.* O Pity—

*Jos.* [Aside.] —Ab ! I must not hear.

*Benj.* Not to myself—

*Jos.* [Aside.] —Be blind, my Eyes.

*Benj.* My sinking Father !—

*Jos.* [Aside.] —Trait'rous Tear !

*Benj.* O pity him !

*Jos.* [Aside.] —Be still, ye Sighs.

A I R.

*Benj.* Remember, at the first Embrace  
You call'd me Son—O view this Face ;  
I still as much deserve the Name ;  
Thy Heart alone is not the same.

*Jos.* To Prison with him.

*Sim.* O illustrious Zaphnath,

Give

Give room to Pity ; thou who rulest Kingdoms,  
Rule, to thy greater Glory, thy own Spirit :  
Or to his Father render back the Youth,  
Or Death to us.

*Jos.* [Roughly.] On whom the Cup was found, him I retain.

[Exit.]

*Sim.* What, gone ! not hear us !

*Judah.* ————— Yet methoughts I saw  
Some Marks of Pity on his Face—

*Sim.* What Pity ?

R E C I T A T I V E *accompanied.*

The Man who flies the Wretched, nor will hear them,  
For fear of yielding to their piercing Cries,  
Has only Pity for himself.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

*Judah.* Peace, *Simeon* ;  
Remember *Dothan's* Fields, the horrid Pit !  
And *Joseph's* Cries !—Were we not deaf to them ?  
Then we'd not hear—and now we are not heard.

*Reuben.* What counsel can we take ?—If we return,  
Our Father dies with Grief—If here we stay,  
With Famine—Death is either way his Lot—  
And black Despair is ours.—

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

*Sim.* O gracious God ;  
We merit well this Scourge, but thou art He,  
Whose Property is ever to have Mercy.

Chorus of the Brethren.

Eternal Monarch of the Sky,  
Our cruel Crime thou didst descry,  
O ! with the same all-piercing Eye }  
Our melting Penitence observe.

*Thou,*

*Thou, the Beginning and the End !  
Creator ! Father ! Guardian ! Friend !  
Returning Prodigals attend,  
And grant us Aid we don't deserve.*

*Sim.* But Peace, Zaphnath returns—

S C E N E V.

*To them JOSEPH.*

*Jos.* How ! not departed !  
Ye insolent ! away ! What foolish Hope ?—

*Judah.* Though Fear, my Lord, and Anguish  
Have nigh lock'd up our Lips, yet would I crave  
To offer one Word more—and O ! my Lord,  
Let not thine Anger burn against thy Servant.  
When drove by dire Necessity to wrest  
From the reluctant Bosom of our Father,  
(Ah ! with what Force ! but such was thy Command)  
His youngest, dearest Son, his Heart's first Joy !  
He weeping, thus bespake us—Well you know,  
This Child's the Prop and Succour of my age,  
The only Relick of my Rachael's Bed ;  
*Joseph,* alas ! my much lamented *Joseph*,  
In a sad Hour went out, and fell a Prey,  
As oft' you've told me, to the Tiger's rage ;  
If then you tear this also from my Arms,  
And Mischief shall befall him—my gray Hairs  
Ye will bring down with Sorrow to the Grave.

*Jos.* [Aside.] My Soul itself now weeps.

A I R.

*Sim.* *Thou hadst, my Lord,*  
*A Father once—perhaps hast now—O feel,*  
*Feel then for us—as thou didst love thy own,*  
*O pity ours—Feel then our Anguish feel.*

D

Give,

Give, give him up the Lad  
 In whom his Life is bound—  
 O let me suffer,  
 Whatever Punishment is doom'd for him ;  
 He is too young for Slavery or Stripes ;  
 Labour and years have render'd me more hardy.

## RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Lay all on me, Imprisonment, Chains, Scourges,  
 All, all I can endure—But to my Father,  
 To be the Messenger of Death I cannot.

*Jos. [Aside.]* I can no longer---*Phanor*, bring the Youth---

[Exit *Phanor*, and returns with *Benjamin*.

Far off, ye Guards and Servants—from my Presence  
 Let ev'ry Man depart---[To the Brethren.] Know, I am *Joseph*.  
 Doth my dear Father live?—I am your Brother ;  
 Your long-lost Brother—I am *Joseph*.

*The Brethren. Joseph!*

*Sim. O Heav'n!*

*Judah. Joseph!*

*Sim. Wretched We!*

[Aside.

*Jos. Arise :*

And banish Fear—my *Benjamin*, come hither ;  
 And let me press thee to my yearning Bosom.  
*Brethren*, receive and give a kind Embrace.

*Jos. [To Benj.]* Forgive this harmless Stratagem [To the  
*Brethren.*] and ye,

Pardon my groundless Jealousy—I fear'd  
 You now to *Benjamin* might prove perfidious,  
 As erst to me—But I have try'd your Faith.

*Sim. O Joseph!*

Just, yet mysterious, are the Ways of Heav'n.

S C E N E

S C E N E the L A S T.

To them ASENATH

Afen.—Whilst the *Nile* and *Memphis*,  
To him and his are destin'd for a Country;  
Thus *Pharaoh* has ordain'd—[To Jof.] Now, my dear Lord,  
Cast sorrow from thy Breast.

Jof. And thou, my Fair,  
Disclaim thy Doubts, and no more breathe Suspicion.

Afen. Trust me, O *Zaphnath*, 'twas the Breath of Love.

Jof. Mine too, O *Asenath*, was still the same.

D U E T T O.

Afen. *What's sweeter than the new-blown Rose,*  
*Or Breezes from the new-mown Close?*  
*What's sweeter than an April-Morn,*  
*Or May-Day's silver fragrant Thorn?*  
*What than Arabia's spicy Grove—*  
—*O sweeter far the Breath of Love.*

Jof. With Songs of ardent Gratitude and Praise,  
Let us approach the high Eternal's Throne,  
The Fountain of all Joy, all Peace, all Honour.

A N T H E M.

*We will rejoice in thy Salvation, and triumph in the Name  
of the Lord our God. Hallelujah!*

F I N I S.

